CHARACTERISTIC SCENES IN DESOLATED BELGIUM

Leonid Andreyev, the famous Russian novelist and dramatist, has written a play on the woes of Belgium. One of the scenes was published in "The Sunday Sun" last December. The play will be brought out in book form next month by the Macmillans under the title of "The Sorrows of Belgium." It is considered the most important dramatic work thus far inspired by the war in Europe. The most striking and characteristic parts of the play are published here for the first time in an English version.

By LEONID ANDREYEV.

Authorized translation from the original by Herman Bernstein.
CHARACTERS. Count Clairmont.

Henti Greifeu—A Famous Belgian Author.

Jeanne—His Wife.

-Their Sons. Member of the Cabinet.

Adjutant to Count Chairmont.

Gardener.

dreifeu's Servants. mmander of the German Armies of

Von Ritzau Von Stein Von Stein Von Stein Von Stein Von Schauss Kloetz-Military Engineer. Zigler-Telegrapher.

Officer.

German Officer.

Belgian Peasant.
A Chauffeur—A Belgian.
(In the character of Emil Grelleu "a-famous Belgian author." Andreyev has drawn his intimate friend, Maurice Macterlinck, as the hero of this drama, while Albert King of the Belgians appears in the person of Count Clairmont.) SCENE I. THE action takes place in Bel-

gium, at the beginning of the war of 1914. The scene represents a garden near the villa of Emil Grelieu. Beyond the tops of low trees are seen the outlines of the red roofs of the houses in the small town. There the people already know about the war; there the church are ringing uneasily, while in the garden there is still peace.

Maurice-You don't understand anything! [Shouts] They have entered Francois-Who has entered Bei-

Maurice-They-the Prussians. Can't you understand? It's war! War! Imagine what will happen. Pierre will have to go, and so will I go. I will not stay here under any

reumstances. Francois-Madmen! I am 70 years I am 70 years old, and they want me to believe a story about Prussians. Nonsense, they are crazy! Prussians: But it is true that I don't hear anything, [Rising, he listens attentively.] No, not a sound. Or do I hear something? Oh, the devil take it! I can't hear a sound. Impossible! No, no, impossible! But what is that? How could I believe hat in this calm sky-in this calm

[The din of battle is growing. Francois listens again and hears it. Suddenly he throws down the scissors and is seized with a feeling of terror. He raises his hands.]

I hear it. No. No. Now I don't hear a sound. Oh, God, give me the [He tries again to catch the fleeting

sounds, his head bent, his neck outstretched. His hair is disheveled; he looks terrified. Suddenly, by a effort, he hears the tolling of the bells and voices full of despair. He retreats and raises his hands again. My God! They are tolling! They are crying! War! What war? what shouting "War!"?

[The sound of the bells and the cries ing, Francois? Where is Maurice? No one is in the house. Francois-Is it war?

Emil Grelieu-Yes, yes; it is war. The Prussians have entered Belgium, the same tone of strange, almost strange it is that we found ourselves when it fades and falls apart tear again with the flowers. He glances at But you don't hear anything.

Francois, painfully trying to catch the sounds-I hear, I hear; are they killing? Emil Grelieu-Yes, they are killing.

The Prussians have entered Belgium. Where is Maurice? Francois-But, Monsieur Emil-but,

monsieur, what Prussians? Pardon me: I am 70 years old and I lost my sense of hearing long ago. [Weeps.] is it really a war? Emil Grelieu-Yes, it is a real war.

can't understand it either. But the fighting has already commenced. I can't conceive it myself, but it is war.

me about it. I befieve you as I believe God. Tell me: I can hear you. Are they killing? Emil Grelieu-It is war! What

horror, Francois. It is very hard to understand it-yes, very hard. [Frowns and rubs his high, pale orehead nervously.]

Francois, bent, weeps, his head shakng -And the flowers? Our flowers? Emil Grelieu, absentmindedly-Our flowers? Don't cry, Francois-ah,

[Silence.] [The tolling of the bells subsides. The crying and the shouting of the crowd changes into a harmonious vol- must not-forgive me, father!—that of sounds—somebody is halled in he should not go. Isn't that true, the distance, or an important announcement must have been made

Emil Greiteu, absentmindedly-Our do more. people are expecting the King therehe is on the way to Liege! Yes,

[Silence. Suddenly there is a sound like the crash of thunder. Then it Jeanne Yes; I love him. I love changes into a song-the crowd is you too. einging the elgian hymn.]

SCENE II.

Emil Grelleu, thoughtfully-Yes. not kill? You think, Pierre, that I. Emil Grelleu, must not kill burn books. under any circumstances and at any

upon your conscience, father.

gun, but not to fire-no, that would which have been created by the genius ave been disgusting, a sacrilegious of our people, and now we would cast When my humble people are con- What does that mean? What wil

demned to kill, who am I that I should remain of us? Let them kill us all, keep my hands clean? That would let our land be turned into a waste have been a disgusting cleanliness, desert, let all living creatures be Pierre. My humble nation did not de- burned to death, but as long as he sire to kill, but it was forced, and it lives Belgium is alive! But what is has become a murderer. Then, I, too. must become a murderer, together silent, mother! Tell him! with my nation.

Upon whose shoulders will I place the sin-upon the shoulders of youths and children? No. Pierre. And if ever the Higher Conscience of the

forward and will say: "First you must judge me; I have also murdered and you know that I am an honest

world will call my dear people to the terrible accounting, if it will call you

and Maurice, my children, and will say to you: "What have you done?

You have murdered!" I will come



Ruins of Ypres, with the Cathedral tower in flames.

ered with his hands. Enter Jeante, Emil Gre Calm yourself, Pierre!

tempt—Ah, death!

[They notice Jeanne, and grow sillent. Jeanne sits down and speaks in but nearer the field of battle— How Jeanne—Take

cheerful calm.l Jeanne-Emil, she is here again. Emil Grelleu-Yes? She is here Emil Grelleu-Whom?

again. Where has she been the last Jeanne-Our soldlers. They were two nights? Jeanne—She does not know herself.
Emil, her dress and her hands were in two hundred. But we all—there were

Emil Grelleu-She is wounded? Jeanne—No, it is not her own blood, and by the color I could not tell whose

Pierre-Who is that, mother?

Jeanne-A girl. Just a girl. She's insane. Now I have combed her hair dried blood and they were swaying and put a clean dress on her. 3ne from fatigue. Francois-Tell me, monsieur; tell has beautiful hair. Emil, I have heard something-I understand that you But that is nothing, that is all nothing. Who is that? Ah, you! Look. Pierre, want to go-

Emil Grelleu-Yes. Emil? amined me and finds that I can enter the ranks.

Jeanne-You intend to go to-morrow Emil Grelieu-Yes. Jeanne-You cannot manage it today. Pierre, you have only an hour and a half left.

Pierre-Mamma! Tell him that he mother? Tell him! He has given to the nation his two sons-what more should he do? He has no right to Jeanne - More, Pierre?

Pierre-Yes-his life. You love him, you, yourself, would die if he were

Pierre-Oh, what are we. Maurice and I? But he! Just as they have no right to destroy temples in war or to burn libraries, just as they have no right to touch the eternal, so he-he-96s. But perhaps it is not necessary has no right to die. I am speaking to cry. Do you think, Pierre, that I not as your son, no; but to kill Emil should not kill? You think, Pierre, Grelieu—that would be worse than to

Listen to me! You have brought me into this world. Listen to me-Pierre, softly-I dare not touch although I am young and should be silent-listen to me! They have al-Emil Grelleu-Yes, that is a terrible ready robbed us. They have deprived question for a man. I must kill, us of our land and of the air; they Of course, I could take your have deprived us of our treasures into their laws our best men!

Belgium without him? Oh, do not be

there! And there I saw them com-

coming from there-where the battle

Starving Belgians-The bread line in Malines. Their eyes—what was it, Emil? They here is the girl you wished to see, louder; she can hear as little as Fran-

what else?

Some one said: "Here are people who are returning from hell." We all bowed to them, we bowed to them, but they did not see that either. Is that possible, Emil?

ee not belong to him. The roof which overs the heads of people, which shelters them—all that is a phantom for the followed by the chambermaid me, and my life does not belong to me. Shiving, a kind, elderly woman in always where I am not.

f finding me in death, mute, cold. comed to decay, while I live and sing looks at her.] aloud from my grave. The death which makes people mute, which leaves the Pierre-Oh, that is a soldier! Be so Inprint of silence upon the bravest lips—restores the voice to the poet.

Dead, I speak more loudly than Pierre, confused—I do not know ive. Dead, I am alive! Am I! Just | Mademoiselle. hink of it, my boy, Pierre, am I to | Girl, looking at everybody mourn-

searches I could not find the boun- me to go. my feelings I mix life and death into leading her to a Geat-Sit down, child, one—as two strong, rare kinds of take a rest, my dear; give your poor wine? Just think of it, my boy, feet a rest. Pierre, her feet are [Silence, Emil Grelieu looks at his the time,

Pierre, uncovering his face-But Jeanne-Yesterday I-no, Pierre, son, smiling. Pierre has covered his hard to get vegetables, and even bread band.]
here—so I went to town, but for some Pierre, uncovering his face—For[Dries her tears

Jeanne-Take this rose, Pierre, and from the garden and occupies himself down another rose-it will have the same odor as this one. You are a foolish little boy, Pierre, but I am also olish, although Emil is so kind that he thinks differently. Will you be in ie same regiment, Emil?

Emil Grelieu-No, hardly, Jeanne. Pierre-Father, it is better that we many people in the streets-we all stepped back to the wall in order to range it, father-will you permit me? And I will teach you how to march-Emil. just think of it; how strange! You know, I am going to be your su-They did not see us, and we would have been in their way! They were perfer officer.

Emil Grelieu, smiling-Very well. black from smoke, from mud, from Jeanne, goes, singing in a low find my way to Lonua? voice—"Only the halo of the arts is Pierre (softly)—Wha They were all thin, as consumptives, crowning-law, liberty and the King."

did not see their surroundings, they Come in, come in, my dear child! cois. She is asking about the village still reflected that which they had seen Don't be straid, come in! You know which the Prussians have set on fire. here—fire and smoke and death—and him; that's my husband. He is a very Her home used to be there—now there good man, and will do you no harm. are only ruins and corpses there. There

pale and beautiful. She wears a black all night. Take a rest, my little one! dress, her pair is combed neatly and I will hold you in my arms and you Emil Grelleu-The life of the poet dress, her hair is combed neatly and eyes reflect fright and sorrow. She followed by the chambermaid, am always far away, not here-I am white cap, by Mme. Henrietta and anotifer woman in service of You think of finding me among the Grelieu household. They stop at the It is a short threshold and watch the girl curiously of finding me in death, mute, cold.

The eldesty woman is weeping as she

ny little child.

remain.1

find my way to Lonua?

Girl (softly)-Tell me, how can I

SCENE III.

[Night. The dark silhouette of

voices sound muffled and timid; there

are frequent pauses and prolonged

ighs. Three women.]

ear death when in my most persistent fully-Who knows? It is time for dary between life and death, when in Jeanne, cautiously and tenderly

Elderly Woman-I wanted to stop

Fig. Francois? Where is Maurice?

Fig. Could of the decay in the decay [Dries her tears. Francois enters

> the girl from time to time; it is evident that he is making painful efforts to hear and understand what is going At of the mute and dark villa. The

Jeanne-Rest yourself here, my night it is so terrible on the roads. There, in the dark air, bullets are buzbe in the same regiment. I will ar- zing instead of our dear bees; there wicked people, victous beasts are roaming. And there is no one who can tell you, for there is no one who ling, and there is no end to the fire! knows how to go to Lonua. Girl-Don't you know how I could

Pierre (softly)-What is she ask- nearer. O Lord! Emil Grelleu-Oh, you may speak

*Invasion by Germany Thrillingly Described in Striking Scenes Here Published for First Time in English.

day the sun was covered in a mist.

Monsieur, Pierre. Second Woman-They have killed him? They have killed him?

have already set Paris on fire. They say they have cannon which can hit a hundred kilometers away.

Henrietta—My God, my God! And what else are we? Moles? Must we

all that is coming upon us! Fourth Woman-And they are fly-

ing and they are hurling bombs from airships—terrible bombs, which destroy entire cities! • • • • Emil Grelieu—My dear! My dear:

Henrietta—My God! What have they done with the sky! Before this you were alone in the sky, and now those low Prussians are there too!

Second Woman—Before this, when my soul wanted rest and joy I looked by the sky.

everything away from our Beigium-with my talk, am I? Why is the water even the sky! I wish I could die at so quiet, Emil? It was the King who

Second Woman-Have mercy on us, O God! The fire seems to be moving [Silence. The redness of the flames seems to be swaying over the earth.]

The fourth scene, which was published in THE SUNDAY SUN, represents King of Belgium and the foremost Beigian poet decide to break the dams and flood their own country rather than yield to the invading army.

[The same hour of night. At the right, a half-destroyed bridge. In the distance a fire is burning. From time to time the German flashlights Jeanne-Her hands and her dress are seen across the dark sky. Near were bloodstained. She was walking the bridge an automobile in which the wounded Emil Grelieu and his son were carried to Antwerp. Jeanne and she is modest in her demeanor. Her will feel better and more comfortable, a young physician are with them. mething has broken down in the automobile and a soldier chauffeur is bustling about with a lantern, trying Jeanne-Yes, yes, come! Emil, I to repair it. A distant, dull roaring of will go with her to my room; there she a crowd is heard. Then the crash

will feel more comfortable. Come along, my dear. I'll hold you, Come! [They go out. The other women follow them. Emil Grelieu and Pierre [From side to side.] Emil Grelieu—It is they. Doctor-If we don't start in a quar-Emil Grelieu-Lonua! A quiet little ter of an hour-

illage which no one had noticed be-Emil Grelieu-In half an hour, Docfore-houses, trees and flowers. Where tor Maurice Father, how beautiful and is it now? Who knows the way to how terrible it is! Give me your that little village? Pierre, that is the

soul of our people roaming about in hand, mother. the watches of the night and asking Jeanne-What is it? the dead how to find their way to Maurice-I want to kiss it. Mother, Lonua! Pierre, I cannot endure it any you have no gloves on!

longer! I am suffocating from hatred and anger! Oh, weep, you German Jeanne-What a foolish little bey you are, Maurice. ation-bitter will be the fate of your Maurice-Monsieur Langlot said children, terrible will be your disgrace nat in three days from now before the judgment of the free naremove my bandage. Just think of

it, in three days I will be able to take up my gun again! • • Oh. who is that? Look! who is that? [All near the automobile assume dehead against the walls like a bird in Emil Grelieu's villa stands out in the fensive positions. The chauffeur and in the dark.] ackground. The gatekeeper's house the doctor draw their revolvers. figue appears from the field, approach-

seen among the trees, a dim light the window. At the cast iron fence ing from one of the ditches. A peas-Lonua! rightened women are huddled to- ant, wounded in the leg, comes up other, watching the fire in the disslowly, leaning upon a cane.] Maurice-Who is there? ance. An alarming redness has cov-

ered the sky; only in the zenith the Peasant-Our own, our own. And catch her! You must do it! sky is dark. The reflection of the fire falls upon objects and people, casting who are you? Are you going to the city? strange shadows against the mirrors

Maurice Yes, we're going to the city. Our car has broken down; we're muffled laughter.] repairing it. What are you doing

Peasant-What am I doing here? [Examines the unfamiliar faces curiterrible it is: It is burning and burnously; they also look at him attentively, by the light of the lantern.] Second Woman-Yesterday it was Chauffeur-Give me the light! burning further away, and to-night

the fire is nearer. It is growing Henrietta-It is burning and burnhard. I must lean on my cane. Are you going to the city? I lay there in Monsieur Grelleu, and I will deliver the ditch and when I heard you speak him. Take your seats! French I crawled out. My name is Jaquiar.

Doctor-How were you wounded? Peasant-I was walking in the field and they shot me. They must have thought I was a rabbit. [Laughs hoarsely.] They must have thought was a rabbit. What is the news. gentlemen? Is our Belgium lost? [Laughs.] Eh? Is our Belgium lost? Maurice-Don't you know?

Peasant-What can I know? I lay there and looked at the sky—that's all stand. I used to understand, but know. Did you watch the sky? Just look at it; I have been looking Where is Pierre? at it all the time. What is that I see in the sky, eh? How would you explain it? Emil Grelleu-Sit down near us.

Maurice-Listen; sit down here. It seems you haven't heard anything, a dream, why such a dream? I can't You must get away from here. Do understand! Who has come? My you know that the dams are broken? Do you understand? The dams! Peasant-The dams?

Maurice Yes. Don't you hear the cries over there? Listen! They are crying there the Prussians! Peasant-Water? Maurice-Water. It must be reach-

ing them now; they must have learned of it by this time. Listen, it is so far, and yet we can hear! [The peasant laughs hoarsely.] Maurice-Sit down, right here, the ing me? Where is Pierre?

automobile is large. Doctor, help him. will hold the lantern. Chauffeur, muttering-Sit down, sit

here! The water is coming. We But I swear by God: Belgium will should have started out earlier.

Jeanne, agitated-They shot you A new spring will come here, the Did you resemble a rabbit so closely? covered with blossoms'

also laughs. 1

Fourth Woman—They have killed says he looks exactly like a rab-

bit! [Laughs.] Emil Grelieu-Jeanne Maurice-Mamma!

Silvina—You must not speak of it!

My God, whither should I go! I cannot bear this; I cannot understand it!

Jeanne—It makes me laugh—it seems so comical to me that they mistake us for rabbits. And now, what [Weeps softly.] are we now—water rats? Eail, just Fourth Woman—They say there are twenty millions of them, and they automobile!

hide in the ground?

Second Woman-Merciful God, have Peasant, laughs-And now we must hide in the ground-Jeanne, in the same tone-And they

my soul wanted rest and joy I looked laughing any more. How foolish you at the sky, but now there is no place are! Maurice, I simply felt like talkwhere a poor soul can look for rest ing. I was stlent too long. I was for ever silent, and now I felt like chet Fourth Woman-They have taken tering. Emil, I am not disturbing you once! There is no air to breathe now! [Suddenly frightened.] Listen! Don't you think that now my husband, my husband—

Henrietta—No. no!

Henrietta—No. no!

His a quiet Emil. It was the king who said, "The water is silent," was it not! But I should like to see it roar, crash like thunder • No, I cannot, I cannot bear this silence! Ah, why is it so quiet—I cannot bear it!

Fourth Woman—Why is the sky so red? What is it that is burning fellow, please hurry up! Chauffeur—Yes, yes! I'm working. Maurice, to the chauffeur-My dear

I'm working. We'll start soon. Jeanne suddenly cries, threatening -But I cannot bear it! I cannot [Covers her mouth with her hands sobs.] I cannot!

Maurice-Mamma Emil Grelieu-All will end well Jeanne, All wil end well. I know. I the dramatic situation in which the also feel as you do. But all will end Jeanne sobbing, but calming herself

omewhat—I cannot bear it! Emil Grelieu-All will end well, Jeanne! Belgium will exist! The sun will shine! I am suffering, but I know this, Jeanne! Maurice-Quicker! Quicker! Chauffeur-In a moment, in a mo-

ment. Now it is fixed, in a moment. Emil Grelieu, faintly—Jeanne! Jeanne—Yes, yes, I know. • • • Forgive me, forgive me, I will soon-[A loud, somewhat hourse voice of a

girl comes from the dark.] Girl-Tell me how I can find my way to Lonua! [Exclamations of surprise.]

Maurice-Who is that? Jeanne-Emil, it is that girl! [Laughs.] She is also like a rabbit! Doctor, grumbles-What is it, what

a It-who? [Throws the light on the girl. Her ress is torn, her eyes look insanely. The peasant is laughing.] Peasant-She is here again

Chauffeur-Let me have the light! Doctor-Very well!
Girl, loudly-How can I find my way to Lonua?

Emil Grelleu-Maurice, it is peres sary to stop her! My child, my child! Doctor, you-Chauffeur-Put down the mantern

The devil take this! Girl, shouts-Hands off! No. no. you will not dare-Maurice-You can't catch he

[The girl runs away.] Emil Grelieu-Doctor. catch her! She will perish here. quick-

[She runs away. He runs after her Peasant-She asked me, too, how to go to Lonua. How am I to know?

[The girl's voice resounds in the dark and then she becomes silent ! Emil Grelieu-It is necessary to Maurice-But how, father?

[They listen. Silence. Duli cries of mob resound. Jeanne breaks into Maurice, mutters-Now he is gone! Oh, my God!

Chauffeur, triumphantly-Take your seats! Ready! Maurice-But the doctor isn't here. Oh, my God! Father, what shall we do now?

Peasant—Are you carrying a Chauffeur—Let us call him. Eh? wounded man? I am also wounded, [Maurice and the chauffeur call: in my leg. I cannot walk, it is very "Doctor: Eh! Langloit"] Chauffeur, angrily-I must deliver

> Maurice shouts—Langlot! [... faint echo in the distance.] Come Doctor! [The response is nearer.] Peasant-He did not catch her. You cannot catch her. She asked me, too, about the road to Lonua. She is insane. [Laughs.] There are many

Emil Grelleu, imploringly-Jeanne! Jeanne-But I cannot, Emil. What is it? I cannot understand. What is it? Where are we? My God, I don't understand anything. I used to under-Bow Where is Pierre? [Firmly]

Maurice Oh, will he be here soon? Mother, dear, we'll start in a moment! Jeanne-Yes, yes, we'll start in a moment! But I don't understand anything. Where are we? Why such head is aching. Who has come? Why has it happened?

[A voice from the darkness, quite near.] Jeanne, frightened-Who is shout-

ing? What a strange dream, what a terrible freemt terrible, terrible, Where is Pierre? Maurice-Mother

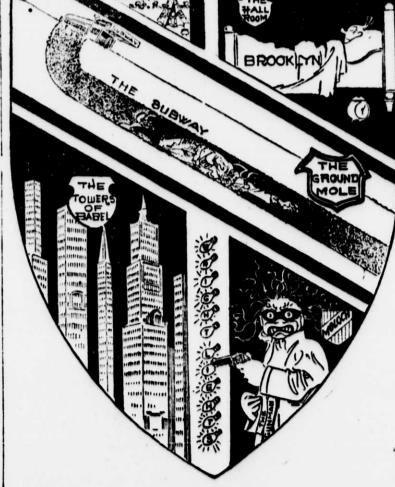
Jeanne-I cannot! [Lowering her voice.] I cannot-why are you tortur-Emil Grelieu-He is dead, Jeanne'

Jeanne No! Emil Grelieu -He is dead, Jeanna. But I swear to you by God, Jeanne Doctor, uneasily—What is it? Bad? Belgium will live. Weep, ery, you are Chauffeur, be quick! We can't stay a mother. I am also crying with you hould have started out earlier.

Eve: God has given me the light to Maurice—What an unfortunate af- see and I can see; songs will resound here, Jeanne!

ilke a rabbit? Do you hear, Emil-trees will be covered with blossoms—I they thought a rabbit was running! swear to you, Jeanne, they will be [She laughs loudly: the peasant will caress their children, and the sun Peasant-I look like a rabbit! Ex- golden haired little heads, Jeanne!

Jeanne—Where your children are. NEW COATS OF ARMS---SUGGESTED BY RIGBY



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